

Path of Hidden Chapters

by Vile Deadboss

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-03-03 12:10:56

Updated: 2008-06-16 10:54:41

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:21:07

Rating: M

Chapters: 6

Words: 19,282

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A story on an Elite Major and the meeting of The Flood. And how he survives The Flood as well as the changes to The War on Halo. To Warn now: There will be Yaoi, Shounen Ai, MalexMale stuff here. Course Language, Zombie stuff, Etc.

1. The Mission

April/21/2006

* * *

><p>Path of Hidden Chapters.

* * *

><p><p>

By Vile Deadboss

****Notes:**** _ Okay, Before you start reading, allow me to say there is and will be Shounen ai/Yaoi/MalexMale stuff later. Nothing to explicit, just hints. Possibly more depending how this story turns out. But in anycase, this is just random and during my obsession with the Games, books, and everything else that is Halo. I felt compelled to write something and so I did. I wrote alot, but this is one of my tamer ones that I felt like sharing. If you have a problem with two male aliens liking eachother, then don't read it. Simple as that. To those who don't mind that sort of thing. Enjoy._

****Chapter I: The Mission.****

They weren't sure what they were heading for, but they knew it wasn't good. A heavy ominous feeling was in the air. It was tense enough as it is for the fact that the Humans had found Halo and that needed to be dealt with immediately. Ontop of that, they had to get to Halo and it's controls before the Humans, and protect it in anyway possible

from them. Nobody had expected the worse however to why the Halo was created and what laid dormant within it. They had an idea what it could be, just not a full clue as to what yet.

"That's where we need to go."

a long finger pointed to the holographic map of Halo and to the location that was flashing red. The finger retracting as the golden armored Elite. The Zealot, turned his head this way and that, a brief glance for any reactions from the rest of the Elites in the color of silver, red, and blue. "The Ship Master insists we store our weapons cache there as well would like us to check out the temples about. He thinks there is something there we could use against the humans."

"Leader.." one of the crimson armored Elites spoke up, uncertain their tone was. "The red blocks.. what do they mean? We know where the main controls are and have been keeping them heavily guarded. Why is it that we need to protect those as well?"

The golden armored Elite lowered his head to press a few of the holographic buttons to show more images of the flashing red marks, land marks of Halo that were small and few they had passed by not realizing they were there. "That is why I am sending you all here in this room now, to go find out. To see why those temples are locked, what they are protecting and to get to them before the humans do."

None of them couldn't object as they knew they had a duty to do, not to otherwise would've been a far worse fate than what the humans would do. After the brief meeting to check out the temples that were dormant, the first to check out was in a swamp area. A few ships filled with the Elites in command, the Jackals and Grunts following in tow but leaving the hunters behind as they didn't see the need to bring them. Not just yet. The ride was long, and it was three units since they left the destination of the main control tower.

The crimson Elite, the leader of a handful of the blue armored Minor Elites, rested back against his seat. Eyes shut a moment in catching some rest for he felt he wasn't going to get any once they reach the swamplands. Rethinking of the whole meeting and not able to shake off the feeling that hovered about.

It is wrong.

The words echoed and almost continuously in his mind. He felt death lingering about but he had felt that since they had attacked reach, and he was no longer sure if it was for him or the Minors with him. The air felt more heavy however, with not just the sense of Death, but of Fear, Guilt. Of something that should be left alone. Unfortunately he couldn't place his finger down on what was wrong. The fact they were entering places of Halo they were not supposed to and should leave for the Hierarchs of the Covenant to do. Or could be there was something on Halo that was supposed to be left alone, period? They needed to win this war against the humans, it meant the freedom for his kind, the freedom for all kinds assumingly but mainly his kind.

Van Rukamee.

Such thoughts, of taking over Halo to use against the humans, to be free. Were nothing more but a fantasy, a vision that most have given up on yet at the same time still cling to in a way. Unfortunately such fantasies and visions cannot chase away the fact that the air was still heavy and those feelings still surrounded him. He tried to bring up questions of reason, to leave these temples be and concentrate alone on the humans demise for it wasn't many of them. One ship that was taken down, was it necessary to try to take over Halo while trying to rid of the humans on it?

Rukamee...

His eyes shot open, surprised to hear his name called and not in full. He turned his attention to the one whom called him by his name and not by his rank. "Field Commander or not, you will learn to hold your tongue for the use of that name or I get rid of it for you." His honey colored eyes narrowed. The said Elite nearly chuckled at the threat as he lowered to sit beside the other, the silver armor somewhat glinting from the dim light the ship provided.

"It's been awhile since I used your name, and you were not responding to the properly addressed rank anyways." mandibles formed a smirk to his friend, that made the crimson Elite scowl in disapproval. "Not my fault that you respond to your fem-" a hand was quick to rise and immediately placed over the other silver one's mouth, not allowing him to finish that sentence. The crimson one gave a quick glance around to make sure no other heard them before that hand would lower.

"Please.. don't do that again." he warned but his tone was weary, arguing with the other was what he couldn't do at the moment. This made the silver one frown slightly, that confirmed his suspicion of the other being unwell, sort to speak. "This mission.. " Van Rukamee tried to start but he couldn't bring up to the other. "This ride is going to be long and I imagine the mission will be longer, resting is what I need right now."

"It's what we all need." The silver one reminded him, turning his teal sights over to the few still awake while many others were taking their chance to sleep now. The few grunts chatted with the jackals but the stalkey dark and orange creatures nearly nod and growled uninterested while they were checking their weapons cache and whatnot. preparing them for whatever they face, or rather incase they end up facing the moment they reach the swamplands. "Sleep has been rare since we attacked Reach."

The Silver Elite shifted as to sit beside the other and closer as it made the red colored sangheili somewhat lean back, not sure what the other was doing til he spoke. "Lean against me.. and say your thoughts now for you may never get the chance to later. That and it will help you sleep better." the split mouth formed a smile to the other, an assuring one. Odd as he found it, Rukamee was much to tired to argue as he shifted to lean against the higher ranked Elite, confused also as to why he was being so kind.

"The mission feels wrong.. like were going to a grave of the Holy ones and preparing to desecrate it." He finally shared that thought with the silver sangheili, same thought he couldn't say to anyone else not even to his own handful of troops. The silver Elite lifted an arm to wrap around the other as he made sure he was comfortable in

a way. nodding slowly once to what he said.

"That is pretty wrong." He smiled, amused by the choice of words Rukamee used. "I had the same thoughts and feelings my friend, I argued with the High Commander over it before this mission actually took place."

"Unalee.." The crimson Elite turned his gaze to the other, shocked to hear that. "He could've had you placed in the brig for that or worse. Killed for speaking out of place. why..?"

"He has a soft spot for me." Juen Unalee spoke in a cocky tone and grinned. Earning a small snarl from the other for that.

"Do not kid, I'm serious."

"You're always serious." he chuckled, squeezing the crimson one's arm as to where the armor didn't protect him. "And much as everyone likes to think the High commander is cruel enough to toss anyone in the brig to save them for the brutes or to simply Kill for even speaking openly to him. So not true. He will listen to the doubts you have and you can argue with him, doesn't mean he would toss you aside like the stories we all heard."

"Some of those stories Are true, I have seen them myself." Van Rukamee glared at his comrade. Not liking how comfortable he was making this.

"Yes, yes, I've seen them also but it is to those who actually deserved it. But enough of this, I've argued with him and tried to make him change his mind on the mission since I was able to do so before." That grin returning as he caught the surprised look the other gave again. "Yes, there were missions I didn't think were a good idea at all. And he changed them so we wouldn't lose many of the Elite, Grunts, and Jackals over a few suicide missions."

"Is this one any different from them?" Rukamee had to ask, it felt like a mission they were not going to return from but all missions usually carried that feeling. The feeling of death. "I feel as though no one is going to sur-" two fingers raised quickly to place on both sides of the split-lips so the other would not continue that sentence, Unalee's teal eyes narrowed at the other, carrying a serious look that Rukamee himself found frozen too.

"That is going to happen in every battle we go to, you should know this by now. You carry five Elites on your shoulders and doubt is what you can't have right now. You are their leader, you must take in the steps as their leader and protect them." Those fingers slowly drawing away from the crimson one's mouth. "Like I had protected you."

That stabbed him in the chest like an energy blade that cut through his armor. However when he lowered his gaze, the blade wasn't there and his armor was intact. Doubt as a leader, he was able to pull it off because the humans they dealt with were simple to take care of. But now this mission loomed over him, he had forgotten for a good while about his Elites. "You're right.. I have taken advantage of your protection over me that it was easy to be calm until our ranks changed. I know I can protect them.."

"Are you afraid that you can't protect yourself?" The silver one asked, curious of this but familiar to him as well. The answer he assumed was confirmed correct when Rukamee nodded his head once. This made Unalee smile, of what the split lips allowed, as he lifted his hand to place gently beneath the other's jaw, tipping his head up to look at him. "Van Rukamee.. You were the best in my group, and I know you will stay the best as to win these battles and protect the others while you can."

Rukamee blinked a few times, surprised by the words and he was referred to as the "best" before. Unalee's words were what helped him get to the rank to begin with, he doubted his skill alone had actually gotten him there. "Rukamee.." the other continued. "Don't be afraid to whatever we face, I will be there to protect you still." This made his breath hitch, in surprise, not expecting to hear that from his old commander but it confused him too.

"Why?" he asked, the tone almost meek as it was meant to ask quietly but his voice betrayed his surprise and confusion. "Unalee.. there are many others.." he tried to bring the words out. "Are you calling me..we-" He didn't finish again but this time not silenced by a couple of fingers but the other nearing to give a nuzzle to his cheek on the left side. Making him widen his eyes further and no other sound would leave his mouth. The other nuzzled gently, despite the helmets in the way that didn't allow full contact, the heat from both was felt.

"Get some sleep, Rukamee." The other whispered, but still an order. "You're going to need the energy later."

His head now rang with new questions, the air so heavy no longer choked him and seemed easier to breathe. Though new questions filled his confused mind he was comfortable in that state. "You owe me answers later, Unalee." the crimson elite spoke in a tired tone. Resuming to lean against the other with his head to his shoulder also. Taking in the rest he desired. What he said earned a chuckle from the other as he leaned against the wall and made sure again he was comfortable before he would take in some rest himself.

"I'll give them to you later when you ask, Van Rukamee." He assured the Red Elite. His attention leaving the resting Elite and turned to the others still awake whom oddly silenced their chatter. Finding three grunts and two Jackals looking their way, with a sigh and a roll of his eyes before he would glare at them.

"What are You looking at?" he asked, the tone cold and commanding. Which was enough to make all five jump in surprise.

"N-nothing!"

"J-just getting back to work."

The grunts stuttered while the Jackals squawked and went over to other weapons to maintain and count the ammo, the grunts joining them not to long after. The Silver Elite shook his head slowly before he glanced to his former soldier whom was now sleeping against him. Satisfied with this he closed his own eyes and rested his head against the purple wall as to get some rest himself. For who knows what awaited for them in the swamps of Halo.

* * *

><p><p>

To Be Continued.

****More Notes:**** _My first try at it, Well.. actually Another one I wrote is my first try at it and I am unlikely to put it up here, on It was on the Arbiter of course so.. I love Halo mostly for the Covenant Elites. And thus wanted to try my take on a few random ones. And also, I know.. the names are real lame. I was going to change them but I'm kinda used to what they have now. So on. I may add more chapters later._

2. Unknown Path

April/30th/2006

* * *

><p>Path of Hidden Chapters.

* * *

>By Vile Deadboss<p><p>

****Notes:** ******I thought someone was going to mention that, didn't expect it right off on the first review though. I'll save that for below. For now, Enjoy!

****Chapter II: Unknown Path.****

Hours seemed like minutes during the units of sleep. The crimson Elite opened his dark gaze of gold which blinked a few times before his head would lift, finding that the silver armored sangheili he rested against was still asleep himself but not only he but many others within the ship as well. However the ship he found was silent.

Which would mean they have landed to their destination..

But why would the pilot allow them to sleep this long? or perhaps they had just landed and that had awoken him? No matter, his question was answered when the doors of the ship began to hiss and than slowly open. Waking up everyone else soon after as the doors of violet came to a full open, bringing in the stench of humid air and rotting vegetation. a view of a heavy mist and the swamp with a watery floor was brought to everyone's view. Even the view of the Silver sangheili who yawned first before he would stare at what was presented.

"We are here."

Was what the first words were spoken which had all yawns cease and look at the swamp. a brief moment of staring, hesitating, before Grunts, Jackels and Elites alike would step out to the swamps of Halo. All but two, the crimson armored Sangheili and the Field Commander that would stare out at the swamp. Quite thoughtful of the unnatural air and enviroment.

"We shouldn't be here.."

"The High Commanding Zealot insists we should be.. I cannot argue anymore with him on that." Juen Unalee rose from his seat beside the other and stretched as to have his lithe body awoken more. However paused a small second before he would glance down to his former soldier whom remained to staring at the swamp, uncertain.

"Unalee.."

"You really don't want to be part of this mission, do you?" Unalee's features formed a frown to the other before his teal gaze would leave him and look at the swamp. "And why is your Elites not here yet?"

"They've taken a seperate ship.. They will be here soon." The crimson elite informed the other as he moved to stand, giving a small stretch himself before his golden gaze would fall to the swamp once more. "And it's not that I don't want to be part of it.." his gaze lowered to the violet colored floor, unsure of how to be open with that since he admitted his feelings so much to the other, it felt odd. Just like when he used the other as a pillow in a way during resting. He has never did that since..

"Unalee.. Don't protect me this time." The crimson Elite spoke, perhaps out of his character to as he looked to the other whom turned his surprised gaze at him. Noticing the questioning look he had on his features. "It would.. Kill me if anything happened to you."

It was Unalee's turn to give the other a confused look but it lasted no more a moment before his eyes would widen, understanding. "Rukamee.. does this mean.. you..?"

"Exellency!" one of the grunts showed up with a squeak, also seeming out of breath. "They are waitng for you at the temple entrance." Addressing to the silver Elite who gave a growl to being interrupted. The grunt almost cowered away from the growl but remained in his place.

"Alright. I'll be over there."

The grunt nodded quickly then he would turn and head back to his previous post. When Unalee was sure no other eyes were about to see them, he approached the crimson Elite wordlessly. Making Rukamee blink his golden eyes wondering what the other was up to. His entire form tensed when Unalee slid his arms around him and pulled him in for a full body embrace, the armors clinking together as they did that. The silver one than nuzzled his cheek against Van Rukamee's in an affectionate manner that the crimson one found alien to him. though a long moment it seemed, Rukamee relaxed against the other and slid his arms around him as to return the hug, very much confused by his former commander's affection towards him.

Unalee's mandibles formed a pleased grin. Releasing the other from the embrace and hands lowered to take hold of the crimson Elite's hand. his teal eyes on Rukamee's confused golden one's. "I know you don't understand this, but my feelings for you go beyond than what our regular relationship is. And even he knows that

too."

"He?"

"I'll have to tell you later, they are waiting for me." he released the hands he held and turned to leave but Van Rukamee growled and went to grab the silver one's arm, stopping him from leaving any further.

"Wait a second, you Owe me answers now. You promised me you would give them to me when we got here." Reminding him. Unalee didn't turn to look at him and lowered his gaze to the watery ground, yes, he did recall saying that.

"Well.. do you want to explain the others why I am late?" He finally turned to face Rukamee whom held a frown on his face still.

"I will if I have t-"

"Hey!" a black armored Elite slipped past some rather large leaves and found the silver Elite he was looking for. "The others are wondering what's taking you so long. They won't go in without you." He paused in his steps being a few feet from the two, however his brow raised to see the crimson Elite's hand on Unalee's arm. That hand soon left the arm it held onto. "..Is there a problem here?"

"Non whatsoever, it shall be dealt with after the mission." Unalee gave the crimson Elite a firm gaze before he would walk away from him and towards the Charcoal colored Elite. "What's the status so far?"

"Second ship will be here in a moment. So you should go meet with that ship and gather your Elites." The Spec Ops nodded his head to Rukamee as he spoke before his attention would return to the silver sangheili. "And group 34 and 38 are ready to head inside the temple along with you and Umos Zuralee. You two are the lucky ones." the split-mouth formed a grin which had the silver one growl lightly before he would walk past him.

"So in other words, we go in first.."

Van Rukamee held his a breath a moment on hearing that. _No.. _"Leader." he took a step forward and that had Unalee pause a moment and glance back to Rukamee. "...Please be careful." he spoke in a soft tone, not caring how it would seem to the black-armored Elite there, though the Spec Ops just glanced back and forth to the two confused with the situation between them. Unalee's mandibles formed a smile and gave a soft nod to Rukamee before he would resume onwards to the temple.

Disappearing through the leaves, and tropical type bushes to head for the temple, both Elites stood quietly for a moment. However the Spec Ops glanced back to the crimson Elite, much curious to ask him what _that _was all about. But before any words could be exchanged, both of them glanced up when they heard the second ship coming near and watch it flyby to another location for it to land, not far really.

"Well, that would be your Elites. Time to get our weapons settled in

the complex." The Black-armored Sangheili turned to begin trekking towards the location of where the Bandit landed. Rukamee looked to the empty ship they came in. The pilot never came out yet but didn't expect him to join them as he was ordered to stay with the ship at all times. Most pilots would have too. He went to join the Spec Ops on the trek towards the second Bandit.

The Spec Ops known as Elos Zutamee. He knew that one shouldn't be here doing field work like the rest of the Elite soldiers here, but he was not an Ossoona or a spy either. So what was his purpose here for? "I don't understand why we have to move our weapons here. What if the humans are here already waiting to ambush us and take our weapons?" Rukamee decided to start a topic on the mission before he would begin questioning the Spec Ops presence here on Halo.

"Because since the humans had infiltrated the Truth and Reconciliation. It was decided that we should plant a base here. Temporarily, also the Prophet believes there is something here that is part of Halo, that we could use against the Humans." Zutamee paused than. "Were you not you there at the Debriefing?"

"I was, but I still don't understand it. It sounds to unusual, even from the High Commander himself."

"The High Commander was just as confused by the command like you and I. This is the command from the Highest." Zutamee noted. Keeping his onyx gaze ahead on the path. "From The Prophet."

That was an order nobody questioned. But something else came to Rukamee's mind that he had to ask. "I wasn't there myself but I heard they had a special human leading the rest of them on the ship and out."

"And they took the prisoner we needed to find their homeworld location. Yes, it was a human in armor." Zutamee's features held a grim look to them. "I wasn't there myself but I was shown what the ship Monitors were able to catch. He is taller then the rest of them, bulkier and obviously stronger. He held his own against a dozen of Jackels, Grunts, and Elites. It seemed nobody was able to stop him."

Rukamee found that frightening to hear, but he found it hard to grasp as well. A human that strong? He heard there was more of them they had to be aware of but like many others, they were not shown anything of what these humans looked like. But knew they had to be exterminated immediately. Most humans have to be exterminated immediatly infact.

"We don't have to worry about him however." Zutamee continued. Noting the other's silence as either fear or confusion, could be both. "I've heard that Zuka Zamamee has been assigned to hunt him down and be rid of him."

Rukamee raised a brow, in wonder how the other would know this? infact hear of such a thing? Before he could ask, the black armored Elite turned his head to raise a single finger over his split mouth. mandibles shaped to a grin. "But.. you didn't hear that from me, infact, you didn't hear that at all. Can I trust you, Rukamee?"

The Crimson Elite was genuinely shocked at this but returned him back

to his confused state. "Zutamee.." he sighed. "I heard nothing."

"Good." His attention went back to the path forward but not only that. To the ship as well who had a handful of Elites, Grunts, and Jackals helping unloading the weapons cargo into the temple. Purple boxes being hefted over to the A-shaped building as they worked but also communication towers. Zutamee went to watch what was going on with Rukamee, whom paused a moment. Another question in mind but he decided to save it, making his way over to see hear a report of what has been done so far.

"Rukamee."

The crimson Elite paused in his steps, sighed. He was tired of the other saying his name so easily. And with so many others about. He was wondering why the Spec Ops wouldn't address him by his Rank. He turned his attention towards Zutamee nonetheless.

"Two other ships are going to comeby with more hands and cargo. See about getting these there soon as possible and set up a communications tower immediately. Were going to need one to hear from Unalee soon."

"Right away." That was all Rukamee needed to hear before he would get an immediate report of the work done so far from one of his blue armored Minor Elites. That done, he would give them a hand on moving the cargo but also to have the group set up a communications tower right away, as well as to set another on the massive lift to take one below. Unsure of how deep this place could go, a communications tower would be much useful right now, for their headsets could only go so far.

Elos Zutamee watched them a moment longer, moreso to Rukamee who gave commands in a heartbeat of where things should go and to what they should set up immediately. putting all of the members there to work, what caught his attention was to how they all did what was commanded and not one seemed to lag under the forceful command of Rukamee. Giving a nod of approval before he would step away to communicate with the pilot of the bandit they had left behind.

"H'los Ramalee, Patch me up to the private code I handed to you earlier." He commanded, glancing back to make sure the Elites, grunts and Jackals were all quite busy to see what he was doing, especially Rukamee. Despite how fond he grew of that Elite already, he found him a bit to nosy for his own good. It was subtle but it was there.

"Zutamee."

That cut him off from his thoughts immediately. So deep in them already that he didn't hear the click that usually confirmed he was connected with the private command. "Umos Zuralee, Group 34 and 38 have entered the temples now, Exellancy. We have yet to hear from them however."

"And Juen Unalee?"

The voice was cold but Zutamee could've sworn that he heard concern in that tone there somewhere. "He is with them as well."

"Inform me of their status when you next hear from them. Immediately if possible."

"Yes, Excellency." He heard the click that he knew the other closed the connection. Deciding to contact the pilot to be sure of it.

"Ramalee, did he?"

"Private code is disconnected sir, Just let me know when you want to patch into it again." the pilot answered. Not sure what the connection was for and was forbidden to listen to such conversations. The pilot and the bandit served as a communications tower for now.

"Not right now, but I will notify you when need to be."

"Yes, sir."

That job done with, he went to return to the group that was unloading the weapons cache and such. but also to help them prepare. Their intelligence assumed the humans would likely make their way over here but as to when was the question. Zutamee didn't like the place at all, it reeked, it was difficult to breathe but despite all that, there was something here that was unnatural. Nevermind all of Halo was unnatural. It was something he couldn't place his finger on, he felt eyes on him but they were not human, they were not anything like he felt before.

No.. these eyes made his spine shiver completely and he found he didn't like that feeling at all.

* * *

>To Be Continued.

****Notes:**** Okay! I've read her work and enjoyed it muchly! It would be nice for her to finish it but again, no rush, right? Anyways, I realized Van Rukamee wouldn't work cause Elites gave no jaws. But with the way they talk on the game and On the books, that never stopped them either. Hmm.. Oh well. On to the next chapter.

3. The Walls With Eyes

Jan/24th/07

* * *

><p>Path of Hidden Chapters.

* * *

>By Vile Deadboss <p>Notes: I wasn't planning to quit this one at all. At one point I considered it but others said that I was going to be beaten, shot and mauled with a Brute Hammer if I didn't. So Enjoy!

****Chapter III: The Walls With Eyes.****

It had been two hours now, they had scanned as far as they could

before they were forced to stop. Placing grunts or jackels in rooms so they would not get lost, using them as markers. All of the rooms in the temples looked the same. It was easy to get lost even though they all carried copies of the maps and layouts of the temples but the maps were scrambled somewhat. Only some of the rooms and halls were shown and they reached dead-ends where a room should be.

They were going to need more covenant soldiers down here.

"Commander." One of the blue-colored Elites spoke as he would look at the leader of the group. "This is a dead-end as well."

Juen Unalee nodded slowly as he stayed behind the corridor they were in. Studying the symbols of the Forerunner on the walls, trying to decipher what they meant. He was taught what few of the symbols mean but it was all still confusing for him. One shape meant so much... but there was a particular shape on the walls that he kept seeing, like it were some warning. Least.. a part of him was saying it was a warning. He could be wrong. "Alright. Lets turn back."

With that command the Elites turned to leave the corridor and back to the room where they left a grunt behind. Whom shuffled about nervously. The grunt squeaked surprised and his plasma rifle up and ready but lowered it immediately when he realized it was the Sangheili returning. They stopped for a moment to figure out the plan so far. "We'll need to set up a communications tower here. The walls are to thick to reach above."

"L-leader?" The grunt spoke, nervously and out of line but he felt that he had too. Unalee turned his attention to the Grunt and waiting for the small being to continue, the Grunt was thankful that it wasn't going to recieve a scolding or worse. "When you disappeared through the halls. I've been hearing scritching noises.. above." the grunt pointed to where he heard it but there was nothing on the ceilings or anywhere.

The Elites glanced up and listened for any sound the grunt had spoken of but.. there was nothing. One of the blue armored Elites snorted. "Tricks in your mind."

"But one we should be wary of nonetheless." Unalee spoke, surprising the blue Elite. "You're staying here with him. I'll have a group join you two in a few with a communications tower and supplies."

The blue armored Sangheili seemed reluctant as it took him more then a second to reply "Yes, leader."

With that, the silver Commander turned to leave the blue Elite and Grunt behind. The other blue armored Elite would follow his leader through the halls and other rooms they have passed before. Receiving a nod, a grunt, or a squack from the other Covenant they left behind in the rooms. In one massive room that had a bridge, clear, blue and purple, Prismatic colors that were bright and flowed in a neat line. Above the group of Elites, Grunts and Jackals that were carrying in purple boxes of weapons, towers and one Shade that was in pieces and have yet to be assembled.

Unalee assessed the situation before his attention turned to the other leader of the group who seemed to have just returned himself.

This Elite was silver as well, golden eyes would glance around before he would head toward Unalee, his face seemed grim, mandibles were shaped to an unsure frown for an Elite.

"Umos Zuralee." Unalee greeted, a slight tilt of his head. "Is there a problem?"

Zuralee nodded slowly, unsure of how to begin. "As a matter of fact." he would tip his head to have Unalee and the blue armored Elite with them to go near a corner. Away from wandering ears, especially the Grunts. Zuralee spoke in a low tone as he continued. "I had an Kig-yar and an Unggoy stationed here." he would lift a small block and above it, a holographic map. To show the layout of the path his group had taken. "We had left them there." He would point to a room that was marked red. His doing of course. "When we had returned to that room, they were gone. Not a trace of their blood, weapons, nothing was left behind."

Unalee found that confusing. "Humans?"

Zuralee shook his head. "No sign of them. And unlikely they had ran away, there was nowhere they could flee to without running into us or any of the guards that I stationed here and here." he would point to the rooms where he had left part of his group behind. Unalee's mandibles shaped to a frown. He had a bad feeling about this. "Also.." Zuralee continued. "The Unggoy keep mentioning they hear something else among the halls. A scritchng noise of some sort."

"Yes.. the Unggoy I had left behind mentioned that too."

Both the leaders went silent, looking at the room that was marked red. Perhaps this place in particular needs a further inspection. "Zuralee, take J'ar Kuhalee here with you and some of the Elites here to investigate that room. I shall return above to bring more help and supplies."

Zuralee didn't object to that idea. "Understood." He closed his fist around the block, immediately shutting off the map. He would tip his head at the blue armored Elite in a silent command before turning to go and pick out some covenant soldiers to assist with him to the room. Satisfied that was left to Zuralee as he watched the younger Elite that was with him now follow the other leader. Juen Unalee began to make his way back towards the massive elevator area where many of the covenant soldiers came from.

Perhaps he would get the chance to speak with Rukamee again.

Elos Zutamee leaned against the wall of the temple they were in. Watching the grunts heft supplies back and forth from the fourth ship that came in with them. Once the load was done, the ship would be ready to leave for another possibly. They would need to be ready to face the humans anytime now. However this ship seemed to carry more Shades then anything. He didn't recall asking for Shades.. was there something else going on that the High Commanders were not sharing?

His onyx gaze fell on the red armored Elite that walked by. Counting the number of Shades that were unloaded so far and would soon make a face at them. His mandibles giving a click that was either from

irritation or confusion. "Why so many?" He would ask. Obviously a question nobody could answer but Zutamee himself however that Elite merely grunted in response.

"Darn good question."

Van Rukamee left his attention from the disassembled shades and to Zutamee, noting of the confusion on his face was just the same. Perhaps the Spec Ops Sangheili truly didn't know why there was many Shades sent. "Are the humans on their way here?"

"It is assumed so. We must prepare and quickly." Zutamee would push away from the wall. Walking towards Rukamee but to stand beside him, looking over the number of weapon crates and such they had taken out of the ship. "Once Juen Unalee returns with confirmation it's clear. We'll start-"

He stopped when he heard the lift rise up. All the personnel in the area paused to see whom it was but they were all greeted with the sight of the said silver armored Elite. Juen Unalee.

Zutamee couldn't help but grin. "Well.. speak of the Field Commander."

Rukamee seemed to have relaxed, giving an exhale without a thought but that which caught Zutamee's attention. However keeping silent as both Elites would watch the silver armored one approach them.

"Report." Elos Zutamee demanded immediately. Unalee would nod, bringing up a small cube that would pop up above it the layout of the areas he and Zuralee had been through. The lines of the halls and rooms in the color of purple.

"All is clear in the areas that we've searched through. Zuralee is doing further inspection and-" He paused the second Zutamee brought up his hand, studying the layout of the bottem temple til his eyes would narrow to a certain red-colored area. That hand lowering to point to the area.

"Explain."

Unalee had his mandibles together in a firm line before he would speak. "Zuralee had posted one Kig-yar and one Unggoy in that room. When they had returned to that area, both of them disappeared."

That was all Unalee needed to say before Zutamee would click his mandibles together, Rukamee tipped his head in wonder what was going on as he would look to the Spec Ops then to the map. Zutamee would soon pull away from them. "Major, Get two groups ready for me to head below." He would turn his attention to Unalee. "I want you to stay up here with the Major, keep those supplies and Shades coming. I think we may need them. Soon." At that, he turned and begin to head out of the building, placing a hand to his helmet.

Rukamee and Unalee both watched the black armored Elite leave, silent for a long second before one of them spoke. "Do you think he knows what is down there?"

"I believe so." Unalee sighed, closing his hand around the cube to

turn off the map. "Let's go get those groups ready for him."

Outside, Zutamee had informed the pilot to use the private code again. Waiting a moment as he would gnaw his teeth together. A habit usually done when a slight nervous. And he rarely gets nervous but dealing with something that he has no information on how to deal with it Usually makes him nervous.

"Zutamee."

He never thought he would be pleased to hear that voice but dreading it as well. "Exellancy. Juen Unalee has returned with confirmation that the temple you assigned us in is clear." he paused.

"But?"

The voice continued for him, waiting. "There is something down there, it seems we have lost a Kig-yar and an Unggoy already."

The voice was silent on the other end. Zutamee clasped his hands to tight fists then released. What he updated was pretty vague, he didn't give Unalee a chance to report fully, that mistake was his. "Exellancy.. Zuralee is investigating now why they disappeared."

"Zutamee." The voice began. _"The humans are now on their way to the temples. I will have two phantoms sent full of minor elites to assist you. The prophet insists you find that room and retrieve what is in it if possible."_

That was what Zutamee was afraid that his leader would say. "With all due respect.. What if it's not..?"

"If it is what you and I think it is. Then have that place locked down, and get everyone out of there. you will need to be fast for once the humans move in, you will have trouble getting out."

Zutamee was silenced for a long second before he would tighten his hands to fists once more. "Yes, Exellency."

"And Zutamee.. " The voice paused for a moment. _"...Make sure they all can get out if possible."_

A click heard that the connection broken off. Zutamee frowned as he wondered what else the leader was going to say. There was something else, wasn't there?

"Elos Zutamee."

The voice made the black armored Sangeili flinch slightly and turned to see whom. Juen Unalee gave him a small nod. "They are ready to head down below at your command."

Zutamee's lips parted, wanting to say something but it was more of a realization. Until he remembered about the connection.. he placed a hand to the side of his helmet. "H'los Ramalee, did he..?"

"Private code is disconnected."

"Alright, lockdown the cockpit and prepare to fly at a moments notice. You are to wait here until Commander Juen Unalee says otherwise. Understood?"

"Yes, Commander."

That all done, Zutamee nodded his head to Unalee in a command to return to the temple. "The humans are on their way here, we'll need to be ready for them."

Unalee was confused to why the other was leaving him with that sort of authority? But his mandibles quickly shaped to a snarl. "The humans? Are you certain?"

"We need to.." The Spec Ops paused on that. Taking in a deep breath of the humid air before continuing. "I was sent here for a specific duty. I am going below with the group you and the Major provided for me. There will be two phantoms here sent with back-up. Once I am done what we are here for, we pull out immediately."

"And if you don't return?" Unalee asked. This had Zutamee pause in his steps. Not expecting the other Elite to say something like that, but it was a perfectly standard question. Still. He turned to face the Commander to answer that question.

"If I don't return in time, You will pull everyone out of here as quickly as you can. Kig-yar, Unggoy, Sangheili.. Everyone if possible."

Turning away to resume his way to the inside of the temple, he tightened his fists. Nervous again, he didn't like it at all. But the Field Commander's next words struck him to stop again.

"He told you that, didn't he."

Zutamee whipped around quickly to look at Unalee, confusion at first written on his face until that same realization from before came back on him. He relaxed somewhat. "Yes.." his split-mouth shaped to a smile. "You're his.."

Unalee shook his head immediately. "Do not speak of that. Not here."

"Am I wrong?" Zutamee tipped his head to a side curious. Unalee lowered his gaze, raising his right hand to place on his left arm. The silver Elite looked at first as though ashamed but sadness was there instead.

"No, you're not wrong. I am.. that." Juen Unalee lifted his gaze back to Zutamee and gave him a small glare. "But speak of it to No one. I am sure he made that clear to you."

"Very. He never told me who though." Elos Zutamee chuckled. Turning away to begin his way to the temple, when inside, he would glance around, pleased to see the Grunts, Jackals, and Elites all prepared with the proper weapons on them and the others about were preparing for the coming battle. The towers there were set up and crates of weapons, Shades, and more towers were on the platform. Prepared to go

down and join the rest of the covenant below. Van Rukamee was beside the platform, helping one of his Minor Elites take some weapons out of the purple crate. Zutamee wasn't sure.. but he had this feeling he wasn't going to come back up, up here anyways.

"Alright. let's go." Elos Zutamee went to go stand on the platform with the group that was ready for him but his hand was raised to the Elite to pause him from taking the lift downward. Turning his attention to Juen Unalee who entered the temple himself but stood to watch the Onyx Elite. "Field Commander Juen Unalee, Until I return, I leave you here in Command of this post. I expect the groups below would want a hand, so send what you can below but keep enough to assure us a safe passage out of here."

"Understood, Zutamee." Unalee nodded once.

"Also.. Our leader would want a report soon. But I won't be able to give it to him. Ask H'los Ramalee to patch you into the private code and it is done." With that said, he would turn to nod his head to the Elite near the lift controls. The Elite catching the command pressed the button that would have them all descend below to the temple underground.

Turning his gaze upward briefly, that feeling sinking in alot more then before. At first he was blaming the descending lift but really, that was what he wanted to blame. He knew what they were going to face.

And he knew the weapons they have may not be enough.

* * *

>To Be Continued.

****More Notes:**** I was a little surprised though. First shot, so many mistakes and I didn't think anyone would be interested. But despite that I was going to continue regardless. I have two more chapters done, but I wasn't really going to put them up without InTheSilence and MangosSleepingBeauty. But being so busy, this one will have to do. I'll put up the next two chapters shortly. After a quick game of Halo 3._

>

4. Silence before the Storm

April/19th/2007

* * *

><p> Path of Hidden Chapters.

* * *

>By Vile Deadboss <p>Notes: Chapter four. Enjoy!<p>

****Chapter IV: Silence before the Storm.**

>

After watching the Spec Ops Commander, and the handful of Elites,

Grunts and Jackals disappear below. Juen Unalee nodded before he would look over to the only Major Elite in the area. "More minor Sangheili are going to be on their way here, I'll need your help with this." He would notify to Van Rukamee whom turned his attention over to his Elites in command that were allowed to stay with him. His Elites..

"Yes, sir." Rukamee would reply, slow to the response but his attention returning to the Silver armored Elite. "But.. He left all command to you? Mind if I ask what is going o-" Unalee spoke before Rukamee could finish.

"The humans are on their way here. We must prepare."

Upon saying that. The rest of the covenant all paused their work and glanced up. Grunts with worry and Elites giving a bit of a snarl to the Mention of humans. The Field Commander would growl at all that paused. "I said we must Prepare. Set up two of the Shades outside this temple Now."

By habit, Rukamee turned to go help his Elites do that but he stopped as he remembered his position. "Kig-yar, I want you all outside to be on guard and lookout." The few Jackals both squeaked and squaked to the command as they would all head out to do that. The grunts were rushing about helping the Elites carry the shades outside. By doing that, the temple almost seemed bare except for one Elite and a grunt that was left to pay attention to the control tower, and still putting it together it seems.

Van Rukamee was ready to head outside until Juen Unalee grabbed him by the arm and tugged him behind a pillar. Away from all eyes. With this chance, the Silver Elite would wrap his arms around Rukamee from behind and give a tender but a quiet murr that only the crimson Elite heard it. Rukamee was confused by this but leaned against his former leader, relaxing somewhat despite the confusion. The other Elite and Grunt were busy and the others would be outside for a good moment.

"When are you going to answer my questions, Unalee?" Rukamee would ask in a quiet tone, thankful that the walls were to thick for any sound to bounce about. Unalee would lean forward to nuzzle upon the side of Rukamee's face, giving a bit of a disappointed growl from the armor being in the way.

"Who is he?" Rukamee had to ask. Which made Unalee pause. Pondering to share that there and now.

"He is the one who was opposed to this mission."

The crimson Elite frowned to the answer. Well that he figured out himself especially when knowing the Silver one had argued with him about this mission. Nobody wants to do it, but the Prophet said they had to. And he wouldn't doubt that is why a Special Operations Commander was here. Rukamee paused on that.

"...Is he a...ShipMaster?"

The question made Unalee's breath pause. A small moment of silence before they heard approaching steps, thus Unalee removed his arms from around Rukamee quickly enough. Making the crimson Elite confused

til his eyes went to another Elite Major that came in with Two other blue Elites behind him.

"Commander Juen Unalee?" He would speak to the silver armored one whom would step past Rukamee. "H'sn Urakaa here to assist." the new major would report. Handing him a flat board filled with the Covenant language to name the Elites that came with the two Bandits.

"I didn't even hear the ships come in. That was fast." Juen Unalee looked over the board before he would hand it back to the new Elite. "The Special Operations Commander is below right now, if you can spare a couple of Elites down there to assist him.."

"Right away, Commander." The Major spoke before the other could finish. Turning to glance to the two Elites with him now and nodded to the Lift. Both were ready to go but when they turned the Lift has not yet come up. That's when Unalee would clear his throat.

"...When the lift returns up, they are probably still unloading the weapons supplies down there. We are expecting to see the humans soon."

"About that.." Urakaa turned his attention back to the silver Elite and the other crimson one. "I've been informed that the Human ships were seen going to the west temple. I think this one would be ignored but I assume they would need assistance."

"Assume." Unalee said. "Until they need assistance, we have orders to maintain here until than. If they need back-up, you are welcome to join them but right now you are needed here."

"Yes, Commander."

"Place the Kig-yar, and Unggoy on alert, have them on Patrol while the Sangheili set up the shades, we'll need them up before the Humans get here."

"Right away, Commander." At that, the crimson Elite turned to leave the other Elite Major and the Commander alone once more. The other two blue ones seen no reason to stay and wait, thus went to follow their leader outside to see what they can do until the lift comes up.

When alone, Unalee didn't miss the chance to return his arms around Rukamee, catching him offguard again as he would give a small gasp. "Commander!" Rukamee would hiss in a low tone. "We shouldn't.." He was silenced when one hand slipped from around him and was brought up to stroke the side of his lips. Over the armor that shielded his mouth but without the shield in the way he was sensitive to the touch, thus shivered the slightest. Unalee's split mouth would shape to a grin to how quickly that silenced Rukamee.

"Only for a moment. Do you dare resist, Rukamee?" Unalee would give that soft purring once again that he allowed only the red major to hear. Rukamee, in his mind, declared this situation wrong. Very wrong. But his body leaned against the silver Sangheili's own, wanting to melt against him and succumb to the touches. Perhaps for this moment, it wouldn't hurt.

"I don't, Unalee.."

A zap and crackle of energy heard with a cursing following that was in a Sangheili language. The blue-armored Elite would pull his hand away and shook it to ease the pain that was given to him by the Tower. "Piece of..." before he could insult the Covenant machine, it lit up finally. Activated with the all sensors running and scanning. The grunt that was assisting him jumped into view from behind the tower with a pair of tools in his hands.

"Leader! I did it! I fixed the broken panel as you asked me to!" The grunt said gleefully. The Elite nearly snarled and began to check the tower over to see if it was properly working now.

"I see that. But we have to see if it fully operates before-" he paused as he studied the readings on the screen. Again snarling as the systems worked fine, very fine. It would mean he would have to praise the grunt for it. "Good job, RuRin."

The grunt gave a happy squeal as he would now gather up the tools that were not used and dropped aside. putting them together in the container that they were in. The Elite studied the readings further, ready to test the communications until his eyes paused on the readings on the screen. Narrowing his gaze at this, he definately got the communications going. "RuRin." The grunt stopped what he was doing and glanced up to the Elite. "Inform the Commander we have communications up but there is something here he needs to see. Go."

It sounded urgent. Thus the grunt dropped the tools and ran to go and do that. "Right away, Excellency!" RuRin was ready to sprint outside but he realized he didn't need to go far as he stopped in his tracks. Finding the Commander already hiding behind a piller but he was in a odd embrace with one of the Majors. And their mouths were near one another that the grunt recognized as the Sangheili's form of kissing.

And he knew it was death to interrupt that. Thus he took a few steps back carefully as he didn't want either of them to notice he was right there and he happened to peek on them! when he was behind one piller, he coughed slightly. "Commander!" he yelled, making the blue Elite jump at the sudden shout and turned to look at the grunt still near. "Where aaaarrreee yooouu?"

"Blasted Unggoy! I told you to get the Commander!" The blue Elite snapped.

However behind the piller, the two stopped what they were doing. The silver Commander released Rukamee than and glanced around to make sure No one saw them. Rukamee shivered as he would lean against the piller and he to made sure no one saw them. However he relaxed when he saw nobody. Realizing that he was needed, Juen Unalee raised a hand in a silent order for Rukamee to stay there. The major nodded his head and remained. Stepping away from the crimson Elite and the piller they were hiding behind, Unalee made himself known.

The grunt took this chance to sprint again. "Exellency! Oh! there you are Excellency! You are needed to see the tower!" The grunt paused as to allow the Elite to meet him halfway. Unalee nodded to the grunt as he would make his way over to the tower. Despite the mask over his face, the grunt beamed happily as he was having a good day so far. He

did good by fixing the tower and got a praise from an Elite, which was a very rare thing. And he didn't get killed for catching two Elites kissing! but.. curious as he was, he tipped his form somewhat to see if the Red Major was still there?

Van Rukamee lifted his hand to touch his mouth, upon the sides where he felt the commander's mouth on his own. Licking, sucking. But just as he glanced to the path Unalee left to, he noticed the grunt was looking his way. Narrowing his eyes at the grunt, whom squeaked and pulled away from looking immediately. Infact the grunt began to hum to himself.

He has seen us!

Angry with this thought, Rukamee pulled away from the pillar and began to head towards the grunt. RuRin was glancing this way, and that nonchalantly until he noticed the Major approaching him. "AIK!!" The grunt squaked and was ready to run off until the major grabbed the Grunt's gas pack at his back. Forcing RuRin back to him, while Rukamee lowered to the grunt's level, hissing but spoke in a low voice.

"What did you _See_, Unggoy?"

"I s-saw nothing, exellancy!" The grunt whimpered. Rukamee hissed once again.

"And let's keep it that way if you value your life." He would release the grunt's pack, and move to stand to his full height. Thankful that the Elite had released him, RuRin quickly scrambled away from the Major and towards the other two Elites who seemed Alot safer at the moment than the angry Red Major.

"Hmm.." Unalee looked grim as he studied the readings on the monitor of the tower but the Blue Elite who was listening to the communications hissed lightly. "There seems to be trouble below.. Kuvana Minor is requesting back-up."

"Back-up? How? the Lift has not yet risen-" Before Unalee could finish, the hum of the lift was heard. All covenant in the area turned their attention to the lift but found it covered with blood. Elite blood. "...By the Prophets.."

Van Rukamee didn't waste time as he would rush over to the lift and scanned over it quickly. Finding nothing but again, the blood. "Is it the humans?"

The Minor Elite shook his head as he tried to understand the communications from below better. "No.. Not humans."

"Try to contact Umos Zuralee or Elos Zutamee. I'll get the Major and his group down below to assist." Juen Unalee began to leave. "Rukamee, Unggoy, Guard the lift and make sure it goes Nowhere." The Silver Commander would say before he rushed out.

"Yes, Exellancy!" the Grunt answered for both he and Rukamee, The Elite's attention was on the blood upon the glass lift.

"They just left below.. How could they be attacked so quickly if the humans only went to the west temple?" The Red Major made his way over

to the blood. lowering down to touch the blood with his two fingers, bringing that hand up in wonder of who's blood was it?

"Maybe that special human in armor is down there, Exellancy? I heard he was a clever one and fast too!" RuRin assumed. As he had no idea what other dangers there could be. That sounded good to Rukamee as he would clench his hand with the blood on it and gave a low growl.

"If it is him. Powerful or not, I Will kill him."

Standing and soon stepping away from the blood and off the lift. It wasn't long until he saw three blue armored Elites, two jackals and four grunts rushing inside the complex. Unalee and the other Major, H'sn Urakaa, following. "Now we have a problem." Unalee grumbled while the other covenant rushed on the platform, ready to head below.

"Commander?" Rukamee tipped his head curious.

"There are two of the enemy's aircraft making their way here. Your group and my own are going to have to deal with them." Unalee informed the Major as he walked past him. Sounding not only disappointed but angry. Angry he could understand but the disappointment left him wondering. The Field Commander turned his attention to the other Major. "Urakaa, When you are below, I am expecting to hear immediately What is going on down there. Now go."

"I'll do my best to do that as soon as possible, Commander." The Elite would turn his attention to one of the blue armored Elites and nodded his head. The command sent, the Minor would activate the lift to have them descend. The two Elites and the grunt would watch them leave until they could hear the lift no more. Rukamee would soon turn his attention back to Unalee.

"How soon?"

"Very, the pilot just informed me before I had sent him away for safety. But he is close enough when we need him to retreat." Unalee would snort lightly as he reached for a certain weapon handle that was clipped to his armored back. "And let's hope we don't need to do that."

"With my group.. Retreat is not needed, but victory." Van Rukamee clicked his mandibles in anticipation as he would now rush outside of the complex to join his Elites. The grunt somewhat fidgeted as he wasn't sure what he was supposed to do. Unalee noticed this.

"Unggoy, you are not part of my group and Rukamee has non on his. Are you with Umos Zuralee?"

The grunt was quick to attention. "Yes, Exellancy! RuRin follows Commander Umos Zuralee! but the Commander instructed me to stay and help Qutamee with the tower."

"Than you shall continue to stay and protect Qutamee, I need him at the Tower at all times."

"Yes, Exellancy!"

Unalee would turn his attention to the Blue Elite who kept focused on the communications. "Anything?"

"Nothing yet Commander But.." The blue Elite would frown, not Liking what he was hearing at all. "...I hear the battle but nothing of Humans at all."

"I shall be outside than. Contact me immediately if there is anything." The Silver Commander would head out than. Leaving the Elite and the Grunt alone in the complex.

"Yes, Commander." The Blue minor didn't turn once but he couldn't if he were to stay and listen. As well as watch what the readings could give. The Grunt returned to fidgeting but with his weapon this time. Left behind to Protect the Elite? He would expect the Sangheili to be offended by now but he was so focused on the tower. RuRin could only take a deep breath and hope for the best. He was alone to protect the Elite. Feeling some Honor in this, the Grunt would walk over to the Lift's pillar nearest to the door and stayed somewhat behind it. Watching and waiting. If he was lucky, no human would come as far as to enter the complex.

But his worry was also on the lift, if it were to rise with the Human in armor on it, He and Qutamee would not survive at all.

* * *

>To Be Continued.

More Notes: Hmm, Halo 3 is totally awesome... in Multiplayer mode. -pets MC Helmet.- I made a point of waiting in front of the store and get the Legendary set. However, I own no 360 and I was broke after buying the Legendary set And the guidebook with it. (to stare, and hug. ya know..) So, this either makes me a hardcore Halo fan to buy the game only and own no 360. Or one stupid idiot. I have to go visit my nephew to play the game but in Multi-player mode where he could kick my ass over and over. At least he let me create a character just for me. I like playing them Elites. But I was surprised to see they had female ones too. I will play the campaign someday, really. On to Chapter five now.

5. Mission Failed

September/7th/2007

* * *

><p> Path of Hidden Chapters.

* * *

>By Vile Deadboss <p>Notes: Hmm, this was sorta rushed. Anyhow, Enjoy!

Chapter V: Mission Failed.

The crimson armored Major hid himself among the foliage that served to hide him and his Elites. But no one hid more well than the silver

Field Commander that was sent to to assist them on this mission. The said Silver Elite was hiding behind a tree without any of the Swamps plants in the way. Saying that they would give him away while he was in Camo. The very camouflage the special type of Elites carried and this Silver Elite was indeed special. And wise, the Major himself thought that the moment he was placed under that Elite's group so long ago. He was invisible and knowing this..

Van Rukamee was most assured that Juen Unalee will survive if they did not. It wasn't long that they wait and hid. The human's aircraft, The Pelicans came into view, flying overhead and towards the location where the swamp was more clear for them to land enough to drop off a few marines, since that's all the Pelicans seem to do. Drop them off. Where they would meet first is the Grunts and Jackals that were purposely placed there. The cannon fodder. However not without firepower as there were shades ready to greet them also, he had one Elite ahead of them to notify them what type of humans there would be. And considering the past circumstances, They would need that Elite to inform them Especially if the Human in Armor is among them.

"I wonder if their objection is the same as ours." Rukamee would hear the Silver Elite speak in his headset. A private connection to him and spoken quietly. The Major turned his attention over to the tree, barely seeing the Elite that shifted as he was crouching down behind the tree. He would raise his free hand to activate his helmet's private code that was to Juen Unalee, deciding to keep his eyes forward and answer him. But answer him with what?

"We don't even know why we are here besides that we needed to make base. They took over the Butte." he paused on that thought. "Would they seek to make a base here to?"

"Or they know we are here, and decided to exterminate us."

Rukamee snorted to that idea. "That would be foolish, there are so few of them, it would be suicide for them to attempt that."

"Would it be? Let's keep in mind, we are thinned out here. Very thinned out. Especially when the Leaders made themselves very clear that we are to investigate and protect this area." Juen Unalee reminded the Major. _"..At any cost."_

At any cost. That said alone made Rukamee take in a deep breath of the heavy humid air and exhale it out annoyed. Yes, he would give up everything to do as the leaders say but can he really do that if there is nothing here to truly protect besides themselves? One thing he had feigned to show, much as they used it, the Forerunners tools, lands, and everything that is sacred and the entire covenant had grown to survive on, meant little to him. And he never understood why. He didn't choose to fight to protect the Prophets beliefs or for the Forerunners, he did it because he wanted to protect himself and his kind.

And that wasn't good enough to anyone but Unalee.

A click in his helmet that he knew would be heard but not only himself and Unalee but the rest of his Elites as well._ "Excellency, the humans garb is green. Not black and the human in armor does not ride with them."_

_"How many?" _Unalee asked in authoritative tone. The Sangheili were quiet until the Elite would respond.

"Eight."

_"That should be enough for the Kig-yar and the Unggoy to deal with. Engage them." _He would silent completely then. The click heard to end the report, a throaty warble cry of command was heard not to far off and soon the sound of plasma and gunfire shots were heard. The Elites would watch carefully and listen to the battle. The grunts on the Shades were also heard as they would take out the humans.

All that should've been done in an instant until the Pelicans flew by suddenly. This made the Elite's tense.

"They never left!" One of the Elites spoke. Van Rukamee turned his attention to the Elite to glare at him. The Minor went silent immediately. And not to long, the Pelicans that flew by carried more humans that would drop grenades, Fragment type and use their rocket launchers on the covenant that gave themselves away through the firefight. Ontop of that, the humans on ground still lived and they had with them those Rocket launchers that dealt with the shades quickly. Cries of the Jackals, Grunts and the Elite that was ahead heard.

Rukamee tensed. He already lost one of his Elites and thus grew the urge to hop out of his hiding place to engage the humans but made himself still. "None of you Move." He would command in a low growl. "Wait til they are closer. Deal with those with the explosive weapons first." The plants that were victims to the explosives would rain down in shreds. And water had splashed near the Elites but none of them would move. And lucky enough, that none of those Grenades came near them and the humans had not yet noticed them. They were still among the darkness of the swamp and watched the humans now approach but in caution. Their weapons carried flashlights upon them. Waving them this way and that to watch their flanks on all sides.

Their objection was certainly to head for the complex. And it seemed out of the eight that arrived, only six survived. Rukamee was more angry at this as they had many grunts and jackals out there that should've outnumbered these humans alone.

"Looks clear so far." One of the humans spoke as he would pass by the tree that Unalee hid against. Unaware of the Camouflaged Elite. Another Human was passing by two other Elites but so low to the ground they had crouched, the human was busy looking for tall creatures that she failed to look down.

"Pelicans can't do much when we reach the Complex." She would raise her hand to her helmet. "Falco 618 and Alpha 780. This is the Ground Team. All is clear, You may send in the rest of the crew, Over."

Rukamee frowned upon hearing this. More humans?

"Roger that Ground team. Over."

The humans were exceptionally loud, thought Rukamee, so he took that as a favor but still. The humans with the rockets Must be dealt with

and Now. It seemed his thoughts were taken to action ahead of him as a hiss of a plasma sword was heard. The humans turned in alert to see the floating sword that was swiftly brought down on one human with a rocket launcher. Not given the chance to scream as his body fell to the swamp ground with a splat.

"Camo-Elites!" The human female shouted as he she raised her weapon at the floating sword. But Rukamee didn't give her that chance to shoot Unalee as he would jump out and hit her arms and the weapon down with his arm. Using the butt of his plasma rifle to knock her on the head. A sickening crack heard as her body fell limp. The other Elites jumped out and didn't even Bother to fire their weapons as they would immediately jump the humans, remaining two humans that had the rocket launchers. Making their weapons aimed up incase they fired and deciding to crack their necks to finish them.

The two remaining humans that were not attacked opened fire on the Elites. Thankfully their shields lasted against the shots before Unalee would rush them and slice the humans down, unlike the first human he killed, they screamed and cried in pain before their bodies would fall to the murky floor.

None of the Elites were injured, This Rukamee was thankful for but.. "They know now we are here and their reinforcements will approach." Rukamee turned to face two of his Elites. "Scout ahead, unseen if possible and give me a number."

The Elites nodded and rushed ahead to do that. Unalee however deactivated his energy blade so he would crouch near one dead human and scooped up the rocket launcher that had fallen. Rukamee wondered what Unalee had in mind. "If there is many, and now few of us. We could take refuge in the Complex."

"You're not suggesting that we retreat?" Rukamee hissed to that idea. Given there is certainly few of them, they still had a chance to hold their ground there. Unalee shook his head slowly. Moving to stand with the human's weapon hefted over his shoulder.

"Oh no, I said we take refuge. To deal with the human's we could use their own weapons against them."

"Blasphemy!" One of the blue Elites spat. "Why should we use their inferior weapons to last? The Leaders will have our heads if they find out!"

"If they find out." Rukamee turned his attention to his Elite. "If you wish to survive and make a victory of this. Then I say we take his suggestion and learn to use their weapons."

"Precisely."

"Leader." The voice of Qutamee heard had Unalee tense. _"Commander Umos Zuralee made contact and they were able to take hold of their position. However, he demands that we join him below."_

"Demands? We have orders to hold our positions here."

"Rukamee! Commander! the humans come in twice the numbers than before."

Rukamee cursed. "Return to the complex, Quickly!" He glanced to his two remaining Elites. "Gather up the human's weapons and take them to the complex. Now." The Elites moved quickly to do that. Grabbing hold of not only the rocket launchers but their grenades and other weapons that they were able to carry. Rukamee assisted them on scooping up their weapons also before all Elites now ran for the complex.

"But he says there is something below we must see. And that Elos Zutamee might need assistance."

"We are returning." Juan Unalee didn't like it. But he waited for the two Minor Elites to appear before he would run back with them to the complex. The Covenant now taking cover to hide. Unalee noticed the humans were prepared. If their numbers are twice as much than before. Than there is another aircraft about that they had missed. He wondered if they had noticed the pilot in that case because the pilot failed to notify them of this.

Deciding to make contact now to see if the pilot is Still with them. Placing a hand beside his helmet as he would duck outside of the wall of the complex. He needed to be outside of the building to contact him and watched carefully for any approaching humans. They were coming. the flashing lights were proof of that. "H'los Ramalee, Respond."

Silence.

"This is Field Commander Juen Unalee. Respond, H'los Ramalee."

Another moment passed before he would hear a click. _"...Unalee..."_ The voice hissed. Making the Elite still completely as it was indeed the pilots voice but it sounded slow. And carried a liquidy sound like the muck of the swamp was stuck in the pilots throat._"...Unalee... Join us..."_

"Who is this?" It wasn't the pilot. And the voice made Unalee's skin crawl. It did not sound natural to him at all.

"Fly with us... Fight with us... Kill.. with us..."

The voice droned on with that liquid hiss. Soon he would hear the scream of the ship He and Rukamee came in on. Fly overhead, passing the complex but whomever was in control made the Ship turn sharply. Hitting the tall trees and crashed into one. And another, And another. The ship would soon come screaming down on the approaching humans that all yelled and screamed as none of them had expected a Covenant ship to come crashing down upon them.

Van Rukamee who heard the noise came rushing out. Finding that the silver Commander was still outside but his eyes fell to the ship that came down to hard and exploded upon impact to the murky swamp ground. Pieces of the ship flying and killing most of the humans that were trying to head for the complex. Unalee was frozen to where he is, shocked to see the pilot do that. But.. was it really the Pilot?

"Unalee? What happened?" Rukamee asked immediately.

"I don't know.. Something happened to the pilot." His only answer to that. The chills that the voice left upon him were still there and growing. "That was our only way to leave.. We should head down below."

"If we join the Covenant at the west. Our chances of Survival might stand better."

Juen Unalee turned his teal eyes over to Rukamee questioningly. "The humans went to attack the west first. How can we be sure if there is any survivors there at all?"

"More covenant were sent over there. If no survivors, there certainly would be the ships left." Rukamee was certain on that. His eyes remained ahead as he studied the flashing lights. Some humans were alive still and they looked to be busy searching for survivors now. Why else would their lights wave about frantically like that?

Or so he thought until he heard them open fire and Not at them. The humans looked like they were dealing with something else. Screams were heard and their pelicans had left now. And there was no other covenant survivors, who could they be fighting? The Elites felt uneasy.

"Let us go below." Unalee rushed inside the complex. Rukamee nodded in agreement before he would follow the Silver Commander quickly.

"Has the Lift risen yet?"

The first to answer was the Grunt. "It has! It came not to long ago!" The Grunt however seemed reluctant to get on it like the rest of the Elites. Unalee and Rukamee glanced to the Lift and upon it were two dead Jackals and one dead Elite. The one that Unalee had left to Zuralee.

"What happened down there?"

"Commander Zuralee says it's clear and we could join them below anytime." Qutamee would pull away from the tower and gathered his plasma weapons. But.. he stared at the human weapons the Elites have collected. "Do we really need those?"

"I have a feeling that we do, Qutamee. Take your pick." Unalee went over to the pile and picked up one weapon that the humans called the Assault rifle. Deciding to take that moment to familiarize himself with the trigger of the weapon. "They were proven to be effective against us. And we know they will be twice more effective against them."

"Hurmph." Qutamee looked at the weapons with disapproval. The other Elites didn't say anything as they would all take their pick on what weapon to use. The bigger the weapon was, the more comfort they took in that. Rukamee also gathered one of the Rocket launchers himself and went to stand on the lift. Waiting for the other's to join him. But kept his honey colored eyes at the Complex front. Prepared to shoot anything that decided to dare enter but he saw nothing yet.

For some odd reason, he felt like something out there was watching

them and waiting for them to head down below. Holding tight to his plasma rifle, he would hiss at those hidden pair of eyes. Whoever it would be, he will survive it, Him and his Elites will survive anything that is thrown at them.

He will make sure of it.

The other Sangheili would soon join Rukamee on the lift and the Grunt, who decided to stick with his plasma pistol hopped on the lift to join the Major. When he finally teared his eyes away from the entrance area of the complex to look at the Grunt. Rukamee gave a short moment of thought before he would hand over his plasma rifle to RuRin. The grunt looked at the weapon surprised than looked up to Rukamee questionably. "Past battles had said those have been useless against the humans. Try this for now."

RuRin was reluctant but he would trade his pistol for the Elite's weapon as he didn't want to offend him. It was heavier for the grunt but perhaps the Sangheili could be right. It might be effective against what they'll face soon. When they were ready and armed, Juen Unalee gave the nod to the Elite near the controls to have them descend now. The human's screams could still be heard outside. Whatever was out there, they weren't looking forward to facing, so perhaps lucky they could avoid it if they go below.

But whoever attacked the covenant below were effective and strong enough to kill two Jackals and one Elite that remained on the platform with them still. They now descended. All prepared to meet whatever was below down there.

* * *

>To Be Continued.

****More Notes:**** Okay, so this wasn't to bad compared to Chapter Six, after reading this one, I realized I made a few mistakes on six. Oops. I better go fix that now! If I don't drown in Halo 3 to much. Thanks to my Oh so loving older sister, she decided to buy me my very own 360. And not just any but the Halo 3 Edition 360. Ya know.. the green one? It's pretty nifty. but who cares about that right? Get to chapter six! Yes Sir/Ma'am! getting right to it. Chapter six...

6. New Enemy

October/10th/2007

* * *

><p>Path of Hidden Chapters.

* * *

><p>By Vile Deadboss<p>

****Notes:**** This was going to be up months ago. But between Renovations to my home, job, and other offline probs and stuffs came up. I've been super busy. Anyway, here it is. Enjoy!

****Chapter VI: New Enemy.****

Reaching the low level floor. It was a mess, Bodies of the Grunts, Jackals, and Elites were everywhere. Few were around, breathing hard, wounded. Remaining near the Lift's area with weapons up and ready to face Anything that showed up. Everyone was on alert for the slightest sound that wasn't their own breathing. The grunts squeaking, quivering. When they heard the hiss of the coming lift. All weapons turned and raised to meet the new bodies on the lift. However, they would soon lower when they recognized them. The leader of the group stood from his crouched position beside a tower and behind their weapons crates. Walking over to the lift to calmly greet the field commander leading that group.

"Juen Unalee."

The silver Elite looked around, assessing the damage around this area alone. How do the others fare? How do his Elites fare? "Umos Zuralee.. What has happened here?" He would step off the platform, but when he did he heard a "Squish" beneath his boot. Making him halt and glance down to what he stepped on. Lifting his leg to check what it was. It was nothing but mush, in a color of beige and orange. "..What is..?"

"It seems we have a new problem besides the Humans to deal with. I was able to contact Elos Zutamee who demanded we stand ground, here." Zuralee paused on that before he would look to the rest of the covenant that Were standing their ground and they all looked longingly at the lift. Wanting to leave after what they saw. "But.. he also said if it's to much and does not contact within three units. We leave." The Silver Elite returned his gaze on Unalee who looked at the stuff he stepped on questioningly still. And that Elite surveyed the area again, seeing more of this guck around.

"Alien pods that live on Halo." Zuralee started to explain. "The Guardians of Halo. That protect it from the intruders that dare tread on it's holy ground."

"Guardians?" Unalee looked to the other silver Elite. Confused. "Do you mean..."

"They came by the hundreds, we only managed to bring down the swarms but those who shields they penetrated." They both looked to the two Jackals and one Elite on the lift. Getting a better look of them, Rukamee knelt down beside one, realizing how he was killed. "If they come again, we'll need to be fast to rid of them."

Rukamee tilted his head as he studied the spots that were attacked, the spots that were vital to them, these beings knew where to kill precisely.

"Rukamee?" Juen Unalee was curious of what the other was finding on the bodies.

"They were eaten. Their wounds were not caused by any projectile or energy weapons of sorts. Purely eaten." He would bring a hand up to tap at the chest armor of the dead Elite, middle of the chest was a hole. "It looked like whatever it was.. tried to borrow through him."

"Tried." Zuralee sighed. "They were supposed to start the lift to

meet with you but they were attacked by these.. things. And.. We were forced to shoot them and those things. We did not want any of that above while our escape is still open."

"Was open." Rukamee spoke. Moving to stand and step away from the bodies to go and join with the other two. Zuralee nodded in understanding.

"I know, Because I summoned you all down here..."

"No, Zuralee." Unalee returned his teal eyes back to the other Silver Commander. "We dealt with the humans and we were going to deal with more, However, something had happened to the pilot and he crashed the ship into the humans. Soon after, something else attacked them, we would've came down here anyway."

"Something else attacked them?" Zuralee's lips parted as shocked to hearing that but they would close to click together once. Turning his eyes away from Rukamee and Unalee to stare at the orange glob. "Than it's likely what attacked the pilot and the humans are these things."

Juen Unalee and Umos Zuralee may have understood what these Things were. But Van Rukamee was confused, turning his honey-colored sights to the orange glob. About to ask them however someone else had beaten him to it, One that actually surprised him.

"Exellancies? If you don't mind this lowly Unggoy asking..." the grunt shifted, nervous. "But what are those Things?" He would point to another orange mess near the lift. It was something the Grunts themselves, at least in his unit, that rarely been told about it. It was often sent to battle first, learn later. Both the field commanders turn their attention to the grunt, anger was not among them and Unalee explained.

"These were the things we've had to study on. That we Must watch out for the minute we set foot on the Holy ring." He would turn to face those on the lift. The blue minors especially looked confused and obviously didn't learn what the said things were. So the Silver Elite had their full attention. "They are called The Flood. They guard the Holy Ring and do not hesitate to make you part of them. Do not let Any of them touch you."

With that explained, He would turn and step past Zuralee to head towards the door that led for the main area where the bridge was and where their Shades were near, placed there to supposedly protect that area. Rukamee took in a small sharp breath before he stepped off the lift himself and went after Unalee, not wanting to leave him alone now. RuRin the grunt squeaked as he decided to follow also. Wondering where the leaders were heading for. Zuralee watched the grunt follow them, a bit surprised that RuRin didn't acknowledge him when they came down. He looked over to the blue minor Qutamee whom sniffed at the air, his teeth bared to growl as he smelled.. both decay and humans, coming from above the lift.

"Everyone off the lift.. Now."

After passing the Jackals that were guarding the door, and the passage that led to the otherside, Unalee was met with a sight he had not expected to see. The entire area was upside down, Dead Elites,

Grunts, and Jackels laid all over the area and the Shades were all turned over and ruined. Even the tower they placed in here was not functioning. Rukamee and RuRin whom were right behind Unalee stepped out of the passage way but their steps slowed when they were greeted the same sight.

"How quickly The Flood move.." Unalee spoke, his tone saddened. His Elites were not here, was it possible they still lived? Or had The Flood consumed them? Rukamee growled to the damage around them.

"Why were we not Warned of this? Despite the teachings, why hadn't they equipped us with better weapons to Deal with this Flood?" Rukamee looked at Unalee, anger in his eyes. "Did they not know we would meet up with this?"

"No, Rukamee.. I don't think they expected us to meet The Flood at all." But.. He had a feeling the only one who knew and kept silent was Elos Zutalee. So this is why they Spec Ops Sangheili told him to escape if it's too much for any of them. Reaching to his back armor, Unalee retrieved the map he was using before. Tapping into and activating the map that the Covenant of the west were investigating. He began to connect their map with the West, trying to figure out what would be the shortest route to them. Rukamee glanced around before his eyes fell to what Unalee was doing. Taking a step closer to watch and study the layouts of the underground.

"The Cartographer. We got the map from there if that is what you're going to ask." Unalee spoke. The Red Major blinked once before he shook his head, returning to watch Unalee. RuRin was watching also until he heard a noise behind them. Turning to see what but it was coming from the passages. Soon the old mechanical doors slid open. Zuralee, and the Elites, Jackals and Grunts rushed through it.

"Hurry!" Zuralee demanded as almost every covenant made it through but a jackel whom was knocked down by a humanoid creature, grotesque in it's figure and gave a garbled snarl. It easily dug it's tendrils in the jackel who choked from the tendrils intrusion into it's body. It was the last for the two as Rukamee was quick to turn and fired off one of the human's Rocket Launchers. The shot flew and when it hit it's mark, a large enough explosion given that those near the door fell back stunned, shocked, but the Jackel and the Flood were no more.

Zuralee was stunned himself as he thought a Human was right there until his eyes turned to Rukamee and then the human weapon he carried. which still gave a small wisp of smoke from it's shot. "What are you..?"

"Hn.. this works Very well against the Flood." Rukamee's mandibles shaped to a pleased smirk. Checking the weapon to see if it had anymore rounds. He knew they shot twice and saw four more rounds clipped against it. He would have to learn to change the rounds quickly.

Unalee was relieved to know that threat was dealt with but were there more? Hearing more of the moans and cries of that he recognized as the flood with bodies. Rukamee's Elites didn't hesitate to throw grenades to either side of the passage ways. Diving out of the way as the grenades went off in the narrowed passages in more loud

explosions. Even the walls shook. But it eliminated the cries instantly and one Elite looked in the passage carefully and quick. Seeing no more of the threats and gave a silent signal to allow them to know it's clear. For now.

"The humans from above." Zuralee sighed. They were safe momentarily. "They jumped down from the Lift's way above. They do not fear height."

"I'm disturbed over the fact that some of them Climbed down, Leader." Qutamee noted. Zuralee nodded as he had forgotten that but he was engaged in battle by then.

"Zuralee, Rukamee." Unalee started, Zuralee went over to Unalee to see what he was doing. Rukamee turned his attention back to his commander, no longer worried about the door now that his Elites stood guard. "The west is not far if we take this path." He already had it marked and showed them both. "According to the Cartographer maps we've had taken. It should be clear."

"The west?" Zuralee was confused. "Why do we need to head to the west for?"

"For if we want to leave this place Alive. And Victorious. This is the way we should take." Unalee explained. Turning his attention to Zuralee who's features turned grim and shook his head.

"Leaving our posts and then return empty, I wouldn't call that Victorious at all. We'll be punished. We were sent to guard this area from the humans." Zuralee wasn't sure about heading to the west.

"And we succeeded. If the humans are aware of the flood like we are, It is most likely they will not return. And besides.. " Unalee turned his attention over to Rukamee as his mandibles shaped to that of a smirk. "We have proof that we have dealt with the humans."

Rukamee understood and turned his attention to his Elites. "Do not let go of your weapons."

"Yes, Major.." All four of his Elites said. Each and every one of them holding tight to their newfound trophies. Zuralee wasn't sure if that was enough however.

"Also.." Unalee continued, tapping at the block he had to show another path on the map one that was very close to the path to the west. "Elos Zutalee took this way to do his mission. If he is still alive, we could assist him to retrieve whatever it is he was sent here for. And than leave. He is our other proof that we have been successful."

That Zuralee was convinced. "Alright. But one more question to this.. Mission." Seeing enough of the map his attention went to both Rukamee and Unalee. "Why the west? It is likely we'll meet more of the flood, both Human and Covenant alike, You say our escape is that way?"

Unalee looked to Rukamee to have him explain that. Rukamee was a bit surprised at that but explained like he did above. "The ship meant for us and it's pilot, our means of leaving is gone. But over there,

they have more ships on hand so we have a better chance of escaping this swamp and leave the Holy Ring and back to our ship or..."

"Go to the Truth and Reconciliation." Zuralee finished. Finding that idea very well worth the chance to take. "Let's go than."

"Right." Unalee looked back to the rest of the Covenant. "Let us equip everyone with better weapons against the flood. I imagine you have a good idea what takes them down especially, Zuralee?"

"The humans weapons unfortunately works quite well. But some of our own works just as well." Zuralee went over to his group to better prepare them. Unalee followed to assist on that. Rukamee's group already well prepared, the Elites continued to guard the passage and prepared to take out anything that comes their way. Rukamee decided to look around their area to make sure there was nothing. The path they had to take.. he looked towards the door that obviously lead to another passage but to where? He read the map but it was all paths, nothing saying on what is in each and every area. He considered the idea of checking it out alone but he could not shoot in such narrow passages without taking himself in the process.

A small squeak broke the Crimson armored Elite out of his thoughts, glancing down to find the Grunt beside him. RuRin was looking at the door also but when he looked up to find Rukamee's gaze on him. He gave a small wave.

"I'm with you all the way, Leader!"

"Unggoy.." Rukamee frowned. "You are part of Zuralee's group, you should go and prepare yourself with a better weapon."

"Oh! But I am prepared!" RuRin lifted the plasma rifle he had. "Leader gave me a good weapon. I'll do very good with this!"

Rukamee scoffed. Doubting the grunt will.

"You'd be surprised how skilled RuRin is with a weapon. I wouldn't have left him alone with Qutamee otherwise." Zuralee spoke suddenly, approaching the two. RuRin practically bounced over to Zuralee. Rukamee was wondering about that Grunt, he seemed pretty carefree around the Sangheili unlike most.

"Leader! Look!" He waved his weapon to Zuralee. "He gave me this one, yes he did!"

"Ah, so you will shoot faster most likely." Zuralee gave a smile that definately confused Rukamee. "I was about to get concerned for awhile there RuRin. You like the company of Van Rukamee, yes?"

"Oh, yes! He's made sure I would be safe, he's a good one." RuRin spoke happily.

"That's not why I gave you My weapon, Unggoy.. I gave it to you because I do not need it." Rukamee grumbled, starting to get annoyed by that. RuRin looked back to the Crimson armored Elite and didn't look convinced.

"Oh? If that is true, why do you still carry RuRin's weapon?"

Rukamee froze, glancing down to his thigh where the weapon was clipped against his armor. He had forgotten about it! he thought he threw the thing away. Zuralee also didn't look convinced but his lips shaped to an amused smirk at Rukamee.

"Yes, He will be a good one indeed."

Rukamee was confused by the two saying that, but didn't question it. Not when Unalee returned to them and carried a concerned look to his sangheili features. The silver Elite's attention fell to Zuralee than. "What has become of H'sn Urakaa? I had sent him down here before to assist you and expected to hear from him immediately."

Rukamee wondered about that Elite and his group also as he did not see any of them with Zuralee or among the dead. Umos Zuralee glanced over to the path they must take to the west. "When they assisted us on getting ground here, he had insisted on going ahead to find the Spec ops Commander Zutamee. I allowed him and his group ahead to do that.. and.. got so caught up with the Flood, I momentarily forgotten them. I pray that he and his group are alright."

Rukamee snorted lightly. "He didn't look like a pushover, he's likely to help the Commander before us." The crimson Elite turned his attention to the two Silver Commanders. "Are we ready?"

Both would look to eachother before giving an acknowledged nod. Unalee would turn to face the Jackels, Grunts, and Elites that were now properly armed. "Do not slow down when we meet the flood. We now move to our destination."

"Unalee." Zuralee almost forgot as he faced the other Commander. "Do not let go of your blade. It has been most useful against the flood." The silver Elite would pat the handle of the said blade that was clipped upon his thigh. Juen Unalee glanced to the weapon before giving a nod, understanding.

Rukamee would begin ahead of the two commanders, his Elites following suit and leaving the door unguarded. As for now they begin their journey to the west. When he made it to door they must take. Which hissed open. The crimson Major class Elite glanced both left and right. Finding both paths clear so far, but would take the left. His hand waving towards the right for his Elites to go through and one of them did. Both stepping at the same time and meeting the either halls of the complex just the same, just as empty. And forward they continued. The rest of the covenant following and the Silver Commanders allowing Rukamee to lead them.

The underground complex was large, and it was quiet. Disturbingly quiet as they followed the paths towards their destinations. Leaving behind more halls, tunnels, large areas that carried nothing of use whatsoever. Not one weapon, not one body, not one sound besides their own. It was like this until they heard gunshots ahead. Both Rukamee and his Elite rushed through the tunnel to see whom was fighting with whom. And looking past the door that was broken open carefully. They found humans fighting with Covenant.

But... the Covenant were no longer their same shape and their heads were broken, misplaced like the rest of their upper bodies and

tentacles protruded out of them. None of them looked like they once were but monsters, truly monsters. That leaped into the air like gravity was nothing to them and jumped the humans with their tendrils. Striking them down and through those fragile bodies. Giving off throaty, garbled cries and growls as they went after the humans like a hungry infestation.

They were an infestation. Rukamee found himself stunned and watched the humans fall down one by one, those that ran certainly did, but those that put up a fight managed to stand. Keeping their ground but for what? But those that ran and fell, smaller versions of this Flood skittered across the room like spiders with massive heads and pounced the barely alive forms and the dead. The crimson Elite could see these things now begin to take those bodies for their own.

"Rukamee!"

A hand to the shoulder snapped the Major out of his staring and pushed back against the wall he was hiding against. Rukamee found himself still stunned until he looked up to the Silver commander. Unalee's gaze on him were both stern but concerned. But he would move past Rukamee to see past the door. To see the infestation going to work on the humans.

"We can't enter there. We have to go around this room. Or we'll meet the same fate as the humans."

Zuralee whom was near would lean past the blue-armored Elite that was glancing through the door opposite of Rukamee. Seeing himself these combat forms and the covenant shaped ones were new to him. But he also noticed, none of them were from his group or any of the others. "It will take too long to go around. If we remain here any longer, the more of these things there will be. Especially if they are gathering more bodies now."

Rukamee's breath halted. Was Zuralee suggesting they go through here? To take on these things? He would glance through the doorway slightly. He was... Afraid. But be damned if he admitted it. But after seeing how those things moved and took down the humans so easily? Did they really have a chance?

"Rukamee..." Unalee looked to the major. "...what do you think we should do?" They spoke in whispering tones now. For the humans it seems have been finally finished off and the flood began to connect themselves to those bodies. But slow their process seemed.

The Major was giving a small moment to ponder on that. And before he came to a decision. A watery garble caught his attention and he looked quickly to see one of the Flood, an Elite form, near their door. It stood there as though dazed but it faced the door. How long has it stood there? But seeing that thing and that thing noticed He. It gave a growl as it began to run towards the door. And in that instant Rukamee rushed past Unalee, through the door to meet the thing. And he would beat it down with one smack of the rocket launcher. So hard he hit it, it fell with a splat upon the floor and the body actually broke, as he also heard a pop come from its chest.

At that moment, it didn't move and he knew he killed it. However,

it's cry alerted the other flood about as they went towards the platform he stood. Tendrils and arms waving about but no way they could be up there with him.

Or so he thought.

For he had forgotten their unnatural ability to jump so high and reach the platform as though it was nothing. Five of the creatures made it, tendrils ready to take down Rukamee.

"Through it is!" Unalee growled an order to the covenant behind him and stepped through the door. Energy blade activated as he rushed towards the flood and taken down to instantly with one slash. Aiming for their chests that gave a pop similiar to the first Rukamee had taken down and immediately they fell and didn't get back up. Zuralee was quick to follow and taken down the other three fast enough. A few slashes to the first to gain attention of the other two from Rukamee and thus taken them down with the same slashes to the chest.

Rukamee was impressed to how fast they were though knew he had to be as well. Stepping forward and began to use the rocket launcher. Figuring out the trigger for it before and threw one shot to the pile of flood and the smaller forms below. That popped and broke in pieces once the rocket hit, and even if it missed to hit the floor. The explosion from it was enough to take them out. And those that survived. The minor of his group rushed forward to mimic the Major. Taking out the remaining the flood with the rocket launcher.

And did so until no Combat or small forms remained.

Silence came to the area they cleaned out already. Finding nothing, seeing nothing. The rest of the covenant would soon step out of the hall they hid in to see the minor and their leaders work.

"That... almost seemed to easy." The minor would say as he would equip the launcher with fresh ammo. Rukamee had to agree. Perhaps the swords and rockets gave them a much more advantage than they thought? Zuralee glanced down to the floor to see if there were anymore but seeing none. He would look at each door to see where they would head to next. Unalee pointed to the door ahead of them, on the same level. "We don't need to head below.. yet. Let's keep going that way."

Zuralee nodded as he walked over the platform to the sides. Making his way to the door that the other Silver Commander pointed to and took lead this time. The minor that was with Rukamee quickly went to follow.

Rukamee would remain behind this time and watched the Covenant pass him. Wanting to make sure the path behind them was clear before moving along. Unalee remained behind with the Crimson Major. When every Sangheili, Kig-Yar and Unggoy was accounted for. They would move along from behind. Taking the rear to protect.

"Were not far from the west now and Elos Zutalee." Unalee would note to the Major.

Rukamee gave a light sigh as he took in that note to mind. "I know.. just that.." He would glance down momentarily. "So much for a clear path. Let us get to him and soon."

"And hopefully find a transport out of here." The Silver Commander finished for the other Sangheili, whom nodded.

"Yes. That would be most helpful."

Onward they went and seeing as they met Humans and The flood, There was bound to be more ahead. And Rukamee hoped that when they do find the Spec Ops commander, that he would still be alive and whole. Though that heavy feeling he carried when they first got here still resided in his chest. Enough that he found breathing troublesome when he pondered on it even for a second.

That heavy ominous feeling of death. Something he can do without. So like before, he would push it out of his mind.

* * *

><p>To Be Continued.

****More Notes:**** And I know one person got impatient with my not updating for awhile. It doesn't mean I am giving up on my work. It means I am very, very, very busy. On to Chapter Seven.

End
file.